he Magazine's Blown Up

ian Angelo Roughscratch inv^t Raphael Woobcutte

lish'd according to Act of Parliment

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THE

Magazines blown up

OR,

They are all in the Suds.

Being a full and true Account of the apprehending and taking of the notified *Peruweazle*, an OXFORD SCHOLAR; in the Shape of an OLD WOMAN: With his Examination before the Right Worſhipful Juſtice BANTER, and his Commitment to THE *New-Priſon*.

Together with an Account of his Impeachment of divers others, who were concern'd in many late barbarous Attempts on the Senſes of his Majeſty's liege Subjects. —— With a *right* and *true* Liſt of all their Names, who were taken, laſt Night, at a Houſe of ill Fame near St. *Paul's*. — With their whole Examination and Commitment by the ſaid Gentleman.

To which is added,

A *Key* to the BACK-DOOR.

The Whole done in plain *Engliſh*,

By WHACUM SMACK 'EM,

The greateſt Satiriſt now living;

Who can deep Myſteries unriddle,
As eaſily as thread a Needle. HUDIBRAS.

Printed for JOHN COOK, in *Paternoſter-Row*; at ſo ſmall and eaſy a Charge as Three-pence.

THE

MAGAZINES blown up;

OR,

They are all in the Air.

Being a full and true Account of the
Landing and Firing of the Great Fire-
works, on Old Warwick-Green, over
against the Old Bailey, before the Right Worshipful Justices of
Peace, and his Company of Train-Bands.

Together with an Account of his Impeachment of
divers others, who were concern'd in many Ir-
regular Actions on the Night of the 5th. of
July's Legal Solemnity. With the Mad Ways
and Humours of all their
Night, as also the Ex
With their whole
by the Mad Dan

A Key to the Dance, &c.

The Whole done in Hudibrastick Verse.

By WHACUM SMACK, Esq;

The great Scarrit now living.

Who can deep Mysteries unfold,
As easily as dryed a Herring.

Printed for John Coop, in Pater-Noster-Row, 1683.

THE

Magazines blown up;

OR,

Pentweazle in the SUDS, &c.

WHereas ſeveral Informations have been made before ſeveral of the Right Worſhipful his Majeſty's Juſtices of the Peace (in Commiſſion for the Cities and Liberties of *London* and *Weſtminſter*, the Borough of *Southwark*, as well as the Counties adjoining) by ſundry reputable Inhabitants in the ſaid Cities and Liberties; againſt ſeveral ill-deſigning Perſons, who have been concern'd in many barbarous Attempts and Outrages committed againſt the Safety and Tranquility of their Fellow-Subjects, in thoſe Diſtricts.

The Subſtance of which Informations is the Matter following.

Timothy Tinkling depoſeth, That he, the Informant, (in purſuing his ordinary Calling, which is that of an itinerant Brazier) has been mortified, by finding that his Voice, which for the ſake of deaf old Women, is rais'd thro' long and laborious Practice to the higheſt Key, is entirely loſt in the new and repeated Cries of a *Magazine*; and that the ſtrongeſt

additional Noiſe of his Braſs Pan has no other Effect, than that of rendering his own and every other Sound unintelligible. ——— The ſaid Informant therefore humbly hopes, that (as his is a lawful Vocation) the Word *Magazine* may be enquir'd into; ſince he imagines it to be a very heatheniſh and ſuſpicious Sound, not at all proper to be made Uſe of in a peaceable and Chriſtian Country; and that it may contain ſome grievous Plot againſt the preſent Government, to which he is a hearty Well-wiſher; if not a Deſign to *blow up the Parliament*. The ſaid Informant further hopes, That proper Meaſures will be taken, that he may follow his Buſineſs undiſturbed, and remain as he has long been, the moſt ſonorous Exclaimer in the Street.

Sharp Screeker, his Majeſty's Knife-Grinder, *ſingeth* his Depoſition in much the ſame *Tune*.

To this Purpoſe alſo depoſeth *Margaret Scream*, Spinſter, aged Sixty, of the Pariſh of St. *George's*, whoſe *Vocation* is, *Any Thing to Day*.

Puff Blowpipe, by Occupation an itinerant *Ventulator*, alias a *Bellows-mender*, depoſeth to this Purpoſe; and alſo many other like eminent Tradeſmen of theſe Liberties.

Meſſrs. *Nimmer* and *File*, two conſiderable Dealers in the principal Parts of theſe Cities, of *undoubted* Character, depoſe, That their Province (which has been for ſome Time paſt, to occupy the Streets of this *Metropolis*, in Quality of *Daffers*, *Pickpockets*, and

and *Guinea-droppers)* has been moſt baſely invaded by a Sett of looſe diſorderly People call'd *Poets*, alias *Writers*, alias *Authors*, alias *Deſigners*, who (having been countenanc'd, *to their Shame be it ſpoken*, by many People in Credit) have been ſo notoriouſly daring, as to ſtrew about, in open Day, and to ſtick up on the aforeſaid Streets, *Decoys* to take in the Unwary under new and ſpecious Titles; whereby they have ſold to the Publick thoſe very Commodities which they have before bought and paid for; or have impos'd on the Undiſtinguiſhing, a different Kind of Goods than they have offer'd to Sale. —— The ſaid *Nimmer* and *File* (thinking this an Invaſion of their Property, as not a ſingle Jot better than a more refin'd, tho' a leſs ingenious Way than theirs of *coming over* the World) humbly hope this Point will be taken into Conſideration; and that thoſe only who undergo the Scandal, may have the Liberty of *picking Pockets*.

Theſe and many other equitable Depoſitions being laid, by the aforemention'd Juſtices, before the Court of *Common-Senſe*, the ſaid Court has been pleas'd to take Cognizance of theſe outrageous Procedures, and to iſſue out Warrants for the apprehending all and every of the ſaid Offenders, in order that they might be brought to Juſtice. —— Whereupon, by the Vigilance and unwearied Diligence of the *Conſtables*, *Headboroughs*, and other *great* Men, well deſerving of their Country, yeſterday Morning was apprehended and brought before the Worſhipful Juſtice *Banter*, the notify'd PENTWEAZLE, a Collegian, in the *Shape* of an *old Woman*; who after a very

very *long* and *tedious* Examination of *half* an *Hour*, in which he impeach'd divers others, who were either his Accomplices, or had been concern'd in the like Miſdemeanors) was remanded back into Cuſtody, and was this Morning freſh examin'd, with all the others who were taken laſt Night in a Houſe of ill Fame near St. *Paul's*.

But now, for the greater Satisfaction of the Publick, and to avoid the diſagreeable Repetition of *ſays he*, and *ſay they*; we ſhall give their whole Examination and Confeſſion, as it was taken down in Short-Hand, by Mr. *Nimbleſiſt*, a Gentleman of Honour and Reputation, who was on the Spot; who afterwards compar'd Notes with the Juſtice's Clerk, that he might not thro' any Means publiſh an Impoſition on the World.

The Juſtice's Parlour.

Mr. *Juſtice Banter*, the *Clerk*, and Mr. *Nimbleſiſt* preſent.

Juſt. to Conſtable without. Conſtable, bring in your Priſoners.

Enter Conſtable, Pentweazle, and a Collegian; both the laſt in College Habits.

Juſt. to *Pent.* Well, Sir, Who are you?

Pent. Sir, I told your Worſhip yeſterday.

Juſt. Well, Sir, and have you forgot ſince? Conſtable, put the Priſoner in Mind who he was yeſterday! —— Pray Sir, do you often forget yourſelf?

Pent.

Pent. Always, ſometimes, Mr. Juſtice.

Juſt. Is that a Specimen of your Wit, Sir?

Pent. May it pleaſe your Worſhip, it is.

Juſt. A very bad one indeed, Friend; and therefore it does not pleaſe my Worſhip: —— But come, if you have not forgot, tell me who you are.

Pent. Sir, I am *Ebenezer Pentweazle*, of *Truro*, in the County of *Cornwall*, Eſq;

Juſt. Eſquire! — Humph! — very well —— you are an Author I ſee; and pray, Sir, who are you? —— *(to his Companion)*

2d *Pent.* Sir, I am *Ebenezer Pentweazle*, Eſq;

Juſt. The Devil you are! —— What are both of you him? —— Pray, Mr. Conſtable, which is Mr. *Pentweazle?*

Conſt. An it pleaſe your Worſhip, the firſt that ſpoke, he was taken in the Shape of an old Woman; and this other is only his *Repreſent.*

Juſt. His *Repreſent!* that is not *Engliſh*, Fellow.

Conſt. *(aſide)* Faith, but it muſt be *Engliſh*, for I can talk nothing elſe!

Juſt. His *Repreſen* —— *tative*, Fellow!

Conſt. An it pleaſe your Worſhip then, this other is only his *Tative.*

Juſt. Repreſen-tative, Blockhead!

Conſt. May it pleaſe your Worſhip, I ſaid *Repreſent* before.

Juſt. Silence, Fellow; and let's ſee if the Parties can give me no better Anſwer. —— Pray, Sir ——

Both Priſoners. Pray Sir, which of us do you ſpeak to?

Juſt.

Juſt. Why, to both of you, if you are more than one: —— However, you may anſwer as you pleaſe; your Replies ſhall be ſingle. —— Clerk, ſet down what both theſe Parties ſay under the Name of *Pentweazle.* —— Pray Sirs, how came you to be found in ſo odd and ſuſpicious a Situation, as the Petticoats of an *old Woman?* —— For Shame! — Collegians too! But you are for ſearching into the Profundity of Nature, I ſee! —— What, I ſuppoſe, it is one of you that philoſophiz'd in a *very dark Moon-light Night.* —— Ha! —— but Gentlemen, how came you to be known in that Diſguiſe? —— or was it becauſe, that, in your *Students Gowns* you have ſo near a Reſemblance to *old Women*, that the Difference was hardly perceptible? —— Ha! Gentlemen ſpeak —— what dumb! —— Conſtable, call in your other Priſoners, and let us examine them together.

[*Exit Conſtable, and re-enters, bringing in* Crocodile, *Dr.* Entity, *alias* Woodville, Frigidio, Whimſy Banter, Archimagirus Metaphoricus, Chimæricus Cantabrigienſis, Barnaby Buxom, Hitty Titty, and Dunciadus.]

Juſt. Pray, Mr. Conſtable, Who is that ſhort thick Gentleman, with an hiſtorical Phiz? —— hold up your Head, Sir, and ſet your Wig ſtreight. (to *Frigidio.*)

Frigidio. Sir, I won't —— I care for no Man in *England* —— I'll wear my Wig as I pleaſe —— ſay what I pleaſe, and do as I pleaſe.

Conſt. Ay, but you muſt not ſpeak Treaſon afore the Juſtice. —— An it pleaſe your Worſhip, he ſays

ſays he's not aſhamed of his Name — not he — but that young Gentleman there, (*Banter*, I think they call him) ſays, his Name is *Frigidio* —— but he denies it.

Juſt. *Frigidio* ——— O! I know him —— he wrote the *Wars* of the *Giants*, and a Catalogue of *Welch* Mountains and *Heroes*. —— Stand forth, Mr. *Frigidio* —— it is on you, I think, that the learned and witty Mr. *Pentweazle* has wrote this Epigram.

† Frigidio's *Muſe, from Ardour free,*
Whene'er he tunes his Lyre,
Gives him a Leaden-Policy
T' inſure his Works from Fire.

Frigid. That wrote on me, Sir! Why, Mr. *Pentweazle* is my very good Friend.

Juſt. O, I don't wonder at that, Sir, at all —— I am more ſurpriz'd, that you are not a Part of him, as I find you are ſo nearly related.

Whimſy Banter. Beſide, Sir, that is no Argument to the contrary, why, I have, before now, written a ſatirical Epigram upon myſelf.

Juſt. Young Sir, I did not ſpeak to you.

W. Bant. But, Sir, I ſpoke to you.

Juſt. Sirrah, I ſhall ſend you to School again, till flogging has learned you to hold your Tongue a little.

Conſt. to W. Bant. Huſh! ——— Huſh! the Juſtice is angry!

† From the *Student*, No. 9. a Work of great Note, and inferior to nothing but the *Old Woman's Magazine*, which is the Maſter-piece of the ſame Author's.

Juſt. Pray, Mr. Conſtable, who is yon phylacteriz'd old Fellow? and what Paper is that in his Hand?

Conſt. Sir, his Name is *Crocodile.* —— Stand out, Mr. *Crocodile*; give his Worſhip the Paper.

Juſt. reading. O, the *Scheme* of *Schemes!* —— O ho! I know you very well, Sir; you are a notorious Offender; — we ſhall ſet you aſide a little. — Advance Mr. Parſon, —— (*to Dr.* Entity) pray who are you?

W. Bant. Oh, Sir! I can inform you; his Name is *Entity*, he is a Catholic Prieſt.

Dr. *Ent.* Why a *Catholic*, Sir?

W. Bant. Becauſe, Sir, you uphold the *univerſal*

Juſt. Prithee, Youngſter, don't you be ſo pert, but let the Doctor anſwer for himſelf.

Archimag. Mum! Friend *Whimſy*, Mum! —— Munch your Dumpling, and be ſilent a while; —— we'll *roaſt* them by and by, and *baſte* them in their *own Drippings.*

Juſt. Silence —— Pray, Sir, what may be your Name —— why don't you anſwer me?

Dr. *Ent.* Sir, your Worſhip commanded Silence.

Juſt. A Parſon! and ſo witty! prithee, Doctor, tell us your Name.

Dr. *Ent.* My Name is *Roger Woodville*, Eſq;

Juſt. Eſquire too! O! I know you; you are the Deſigner of the Grand *Scheme* of *Schemes*; —— we ſhall conſider your Demerits anon. —— Pray, Mr. Conſtable, What is that Fellow there who is playing with Straws, and twirling a Card on the Point of a Pin? *Chi-*

Chimæricus. Who am I, Sir! Why, Sir, I am a *Caſtle-builder.*

W. Bant. Or a Pantile-peg-maker.

Chimæ. Ay, Sir, or, without degrading my Dignity, a *Pantile-peg-maker.*

Juſt. to Chimæ. You ſtudy Nature, Sir?

Chimæ. Yes, Sir.

Juſt. I am afraid not, Sir, or elſe you have not read a Treatiſe, I once wrote, to prove that a Man would write better on any Subject for knowing ſomething of what he was about; elſe you would not have ſet about building Caſtles, without being ſomething of a Bricklayer; and their meaneſt Labourer will tell you, that *plain* Tiles have *Pegs*, but *Pantiles* none. ——— I would adviſe thee, Friend, (as thou art a merry Fellow) to take Care how thou truſteſt thyſelf on Tile-Pegs, leſt thy giddy Head may one Day throw thee from thy own Caſtles, (which I find are not better founded than *Æſop*'s) and break thy Neck for thee.

Chimæ. Sir, do you pretend to inſtruct me? I am as much above Nature, as Metaphyſicks compar'd with Natural Philoſophy.

Juſt. Sir, you may be as great a Man as you pleaſe, at *Billy Tiplington*'s, *the Duſt-man, over the Thumb-Hand*, &c. but here, Sir, we have a Standard for Humour, and ſhall find you wanting preſently, if you are not ſilent. ——— Pray, Mr. Conſtable, tell that little dark-complexion'd Gentleman, that is taking Snuff in the Corner there; I would be glad to know his Name and Buſineſs.

Hitty Titty. Who, me, Sir? ——— My Name is *Hitty Titty*, Sir; I'm *univerſally* known: ———

I live by my good Friend the Parſon here. — I am only a Spectator, Sir, — 'st-'st, will your Worſhip be pleas'd to take a Pinch of Snuff.

Juſt. No, I humbly thank you Sir. —— Stand forth you Mr. *Broadface*, --- who are you?

B. Bux. I Sir, G-d bleſs you my noble * *Mauſey*, every Body knows me, --- *Barnaby Buxum*, my *Mauſey*. I turn the Spit for my noble Maſter *Archimagirus*, and get a Sop in the Pan now and then.

Juſt. Pray, is that greaſy Fellow thy Maſter? —— this Way *Archimagirus*, you are Author of the † *Kapelion*, —what was you brought here for?

Arch. Becauſe I was caught in *Periodical* (that is, in *bad*) Company, Sir.

Juſt. And a very ſufficient Reaſon too, Sir, ---- And is that impertinent Chatter-box, thy Tom-fool?

W. Ban. Sir I am *Whimſey Banter*, Eſq; or whatever your Worſhip pleaſes.

Juſt. Another 'Squire! And of the Family of the *Banters* too! — Sirrah, I ſhall make you ſhew your Right and Title to my Family: —— do you think your *chattering*, or *taking me off* is a ſufficient Proof that you are any Relation to me? —— no Sir, I ſhall ſhew the World ———

W. Ban. That, having a very great Reſpect for your Worſhip, I would willingly, for want of other Credit, have paſs'd upon the Publick as a Kinſman

* A Word ſubſtituted by this great Poet for *Maſter*.

† A Work read chiefly by the Ladies. —— perhaps, becauſe they are fond of delicate and ſlender Diet, or Perhaps, becauſe they have taken a Liking to the *ſmooth Chin* of the *Author*, who has, as he himſelf intimates, more *Wit* than *Beard*.

of

of yours.——I did not preſume to counterfeit your Worſhip's ſelf, knowing very well, if I had, the Impoſition would have been ſo palpable, it would have been impoſſible for it to have gain'd any Credit.

Juſt. Well, well, *Whimſey*, I find you are a Rogue at the Bottom; and that your Honeſty is occaſion'd only, by the Fear of your being detected. —— Pray, who are you Mr. *Gravity?* Why do you ſtand behind 'em all there?

Dunciadus. Sir, my Name is *Dunciadus*, I am the wiſeſt of the whole Company; and ſtand behind here to direct 'em all —— I was brought here for no other Reaſon than ——

W. Ban. Sir, his *Book-ſeller's* Sign is his *Emblem*, —— he is the very Pack-horſe of Authors; that carries them all on his Back without knowing ——

Juſt. Sir, I know what he is now without his or your Information; —— and now knowing who you *all* are, I ſhall be better able to proceed in the Execution of my Office: —— There is an Information laid againſt all, and every of you, as being the Occaſion of many late Diſturbances, and of being concern'd in ſeveral Impoſitions on his Majeſty's Subjects. —— Conſtable, where are the Informants? We will juſt again examine their Evidence and commit theſe Gentlemen. ——

Conſt. There are none here, an't pleaſe your Worſhip; I'll ſee without. *(Exit Conſtable)*

Pentw. Sir, — we need no Accuſers — we can accuſe each other; — I have an *important* Claw againſt Mr. *Crocodile*, which if you don't redreſs, I'll ſeek Satisfaction of Common Law.

Arch. And I, Sir, — he run away with a boiling hot

hot Diſh from my Table, at the Hazard of burning his Fingers, which was prepar'd for Mr. *Garrick* and Mr. *Barry*; with a roaſted Chicken I had ſent me, as a Preſent from *Oxford*, after I had ſold 'em to my Cuſtomers. --- Nay, rather than not keep his Hands in Action, he has run away with my *Muſtard* in an *Epigram*.

W. Ban. That I'll ſwear to, for I made the *Muſtard* myſelf.

Juſt. Sir, I don't doubt your Swearing in the leaſt, but I find the Characters of all of you are ſo bad, that you muſt not be admitted as Evidences againſt each other.

Conſt. An't pleaſe your Worſhip here are three Men, that want to give their Evidence.

Juſt. What are they?

Conſt. One is, an't pleaſe your Worſhip, a Country Citizen, who ſays he is a *Gentleman*, and calls himſelf *Sil-Sil-Sil* --- ſomewhat *Urban*. —— the other ſays he's a *Londoner*, (under the *Roſe*) and lives in *Pater-noſter-Row*. —— The other ſays he's *Britiſh*, and that's all I can get out of 'em; --- ſhall I bring 'em to your Worſhip?

Juſt. No, no, I won't take their Affidavits, — they are too nearly related to the Parties in Cuſtody. —— I find, Gentlemen, the Informants don't think you worth the Proſecution, — I muſt, however, as you have been ſo warmly accuſed, examine you a little from your own Confeſſions, and the Knowledge I have of your Characters; before I diſmiſs ſuch dangerous Perſons. —— Mr. *Crocodile*, I am ſenſible, as to your Part, you are notorious for appropriating to your own Uſe the Property of others.

Croc.

Croc. My Reaſon for that is, Sir, that that *Property*, was *Property* already *ſtolen.*

Juſt. Why then, by your own Confeſſion, you are, at beſt, but the Receiver of ſtolen Goods, a ſufficient Plea for Tranſportation, at leaſt; but as you are another *Jonathan Wild* in your Way, I ſhall move the Court for capital Conviction, the next Time you are found tardy; 'till when (as your Credit is daily decreaſing, ſo that there is little Danger to apprehend from you) I ſhall (as you love Monthly Labours, and have a happy Art of turning your Hand, like other Receivers, to pilfering yourſelf, upon an Emergency) commit you to *Bridewell* for a Month, at the End of which, you are to find undeniable Security for your future Behaviour. ——— Clerk, make out the Mittimus. ——— Mr. *Woodville*, I am very ſorry, on Account of your Cloth, that you ſhould be brought into this Company, and as the *grand* the *greateſt* Offender too!

Dr. *Ent.* Sir, I only *purſued Evil* that *Good might come*, that is, I turned the *greater* Rogue, that the *leſs* Rogue, might get nothing by his Buſineſs, and therefore turn honeſt.

Juſt. A very plauſible Pretenſion indeed! but I am credibly inform'd, that it was from your Example and *univerſal* Succeſs, that this Rogue firſt commenc'd. However, I find you was reſolv'd to be the chief Man in the Calling, be the Calling what it would. ——— A very commendable Spirit in a *Parſon!* ——— Clerk, write his Mittimus for New Priſon. ——— We ſhall find a Bill againſt him.

Hitty Titty. Sir, I'll be bound for him.

Juſt. You are an Accomplice, ----- your Bond won't

won't be taken. ——— Mr. *Pentweazle*, pray how came you in the aforementioned Diſguiſe?

Pent. Sir, I did it for *Wit*.

Juſt. Mighty witty, I muſt confeſs! Why, as I live, This is downright Forgery: ——— This is as bad an Impoſition as the putting off bad Money. And, to avow your Crime in the very Face of Juſtice! Why, I make no doubt but thou art the very Party who had the Impudence, under the fictitious Name of *Philo-Ruſticus*, to impoſe a villainous * *Excurſion into the Country*, for a True Copy of the Simplicity of Nature; or that ſame learned *Hebrew Scholar* that fell out with a harmleſs Liquid to ſhew his Criticiſm.

W. Ban. The very ſame, Sir; ——— he wrote a learned Diſputation on the Etymology of the Street I live in, which, Time out of Mind, has been enter'd in the *Pariſh Books*, as † *Moor* Street; wherein he endeavour'd to prove, that the ſaid Street ſhould be call'd *Moon* Street; becauſe, by the Geographical Situation, and Elevation of the Houſes, it appears that the Moon ſhines, at her Full, directly into the Windows on *one Side the Way*.

Juſt. Likely enough. ——— Monſtrous! the old Woman's *Magazine* for Wit!

Arch. O, Sir! *Authors do very ſtrange Things for Wit*.

Juſt. Yes, Sir, ſome can be witty in *cooking a Diſh of Victuals*.

Arch. And others in *inviting a Friend to eat of it*.

Conſt. Huſh! Huſh! the Juſtice frowns!

* A Letter in the *Student*, No. 9.

† A learned Criticiſm in the *Student*, No. 9.

Juſt.

Juſt. Pray, Mr. *Pentweazle*, are you an *Oxonian?*

1ſt *Pent.* No, Sir. ——

2d *Pent.* Yes, Sir.

Juſt. Pray, Gentlemen, give in your Anſwers uniform, or we muſt ſeperate you.

1ſt *Pent.* Sir, I am of *Oxford.*

2d *Pent.* Sir, I am of *Cambridge.*

Both. Yet we are but one.

Juſt. How! both the Univerſities club to make one *old Woman!* very learned Bodies indeed! I am told, Gentlemen, that you are very remarkable Dreamers. *

Pent. I am, Sir. Sometime ago I dreamed a Dream, and it appeared to me, that I aroſe from my Couch, and walked to the Caſement, out of which I looked, and then returned (having firſt made Water in the Urinal) unto my Pillow. After which I awoke, and found that I had piſs'd a-Bed.

Juſt. A very remarkable Dream indeed! and betokens ſome *very important* Tranſaction. — However, Mr. *Pentweazle*, we ſhall give over the Farce of their Plurality, and commit you to the *New-Priſon*, till you can give a better Account of yourſelves. Mr. *Frigidio*, as he's your Friend, ſhall bear you company too.

Frig. Commit me, Sir! do you know me, Sir? Here's a Letter from Prince CHARLES of *L*——, that he ſent to me for the *fourth Volume* of my Hiſtory of the *Giants:* Here's half a Dozen more from

* A Dream of *Herbert*'s in the *Student* to that Purpoſe: —— An *important Article* in that Work.

the *Emperor* on the ſame Occaſion, with a Preſent he ſent me of a Tobacco-ſtopper for recording the Exploits of his Countrymen.

Juſt. Not having the Honour to be acquainted with the Hand-writing, I muſt be excus'd taking any Notice of thoſe Credentials. ——— Beſides, Sir, I am told, you are the Man who would have fobb'd off Mr. *Namby Pamby*, deceas'd, for a better Poet than either of my Friends, *Theocritus* or *Virgil*; notwithſtanding your Maſter *Pope* had ſtigmatiz'd him by

The Bard, whom pilfer'd Paſtorals renown,
Who'd turn a Perſian *Tale for half a Crown.*

Clerk, make out the Mittimus, for Meſſrs. *Pentweazle* and *Frigidio*. ——— Come, Mr. Cook, what have you to ſay?

Arch. I ſay, Sir, that if your Worſhip will oblige me with a Beef-Stake, you ſhall ſee how wittily I can toſs it up for the good of my Countrymen.

W. Ban. And I'll prove the ſaid Beef-Stake to be the beſt Verſe or Proſe that was ever penn'd.

Juſt. As for you, Mr. *Banter*, I take you to be a Fellow that talks a great deal, without knowing what he ſays, or perhaps, without ſaying any Thing at all; having more Wit than Learning; and leſs of both than you pretend to. ——— Mr. *Archimagirus*, there have been Informations made, that you have impos'd, among *freſh* Meat, ſome *ſtale* and *ſtinking Pieces*, that many, not being capable of making the

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Diſtinction, have inadvertently ſwallow'd them, and have been poiſon'd therewith. I have ſeriouſly examin'd this Point, and finding you not ſo faulty as reported; upon Security for your future Behaviour, in giving your Cuſtomers nothing but good freſh Meat, (the beſt in the Market) which, I am told, you can get, but that you have a moſt villainous Diſpoſition for cheating, you are at your Liberty. But as for that impertinent Coxcomb your Clerk (if you think he may ever be reclaim'd) you may take him with you. ——— Your Turnſpit you may have a Uſe for too, and ſo *Barnaby* follow your Leader. ——— Conſtable, take Care of theſe Men till Bail be ſent for. ——— Well, Mr. *Dunciadus*, you are always the laſt, I ſee: —— As thro' a Neceſſity of living, you are oblig'd to prey upon others, you may follow the Cook, of whom you are likely to get the beſt Scraps.

B. Bux. G-d bleſs your noble Honours Worſhip, I can lick all our Trenchers clean myſelf; beſides *Dunciadus* is a *Beaſt* of *Prey*, and loves Carrion and bad Meat; he'll get a better Living among his Comrades in the Priſon.

Juſt. Then let him leave you in quiet Poſſeſſion of your Cruſt. ——— Clerk, give me the Examination. ——— Conſtable, look well to your Priſoners. *Exeunt omnes.*

A *Key* to the BACK-DOOR.

PRAY, Reader, didſt thou never ſee a Door of Looking Glaſs, which inſtead of being an Entrance to another Room, gave thee only back again the Image of that which thou haſt already been in? —— I make no doubt but thou haſt. —— Now, ſuch a Door, Reader, is a Key to itſelf, as it opens to you, by Reflection, all that Room to which only it is a Door; and may, with greater Propriety than any other, be term'd a *Back-Door*; as all others are, in Reality, either *Fore* or *Back*-Doors, according to our Entrances or Exits. —— Now, Reader, I preſume this Page may alſo with ſome Propriety be term'd a *Back-Door* to this Work; and for the foregoing Reaſon, a Key to itſelf; as I intend it ſhall give you the Reflection (that is, be the Cauſe of your reflecting) of the *Senſe* of this Work; to help which, (knowing full well that in the Dark the brighteſt Mirrour is no Uſe,) I have inſerted ſome neceſſary occaſional Lights all the Way; but if, in any Place I have *(thro' a thorough Knowledge of what I have been about)* forgot myſelf; you are not, Reader, to look upon any one ſingle Line or Sentence, to be without a Meaning; nor to condemn the moſt ſtupid Part in it, becauſe you don't underſtand it, but you are to take it upon Truſt, that when I write without Wit, I have the greater Deſign; and that thoſe Parts which are the moſt void of Senſe, are the moſt full of Satire.

FINIS.